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MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

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EXPLOITATION

By GRACE FALLOW NORTON.

A great Injustice walks abroad,
Unchained, unterrified.
Who shall rejoice beside
The poison of his dragon-breath,
The early blight, the daily death?
(Behold, thus have I died.)

A great Injustice walks abroad,
And makes the strong more strong,
Until the hurt, whose song
I sing, shall learn their hidden strength,
And healed by hope, arise at length,
And rend the ancient wrong.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN ANARCHISM?

AT this late day of general human interest in social questions, Anarchism stands out as the most misunderstood—though most vital—subject of the day. The ignorant mind may content itself with the popular version of Anarchism as synonymous with chaos and disorder. But the thoughtful student must go beyond the flimsy, superficial interpretation of a world-philosophy, such as Anarchism really is. For it is safe to say that no other theory of individual regeneration and social reconstruction has so penetrated every domain of human thought as Anarchism. Poets like Shelley and Byron; thinkers like Humboldt and Spencer; philosophers like Emerson and Thoreau, all sang the song of human liberty, extolling Anarchism as that one theory which embodies all elements of freedom.

That the intellectual world of America should be so little conversant with this fact is to be regretted, indeed; yet it is so. There are but few, very few, who know anything about the philosophy of Proudhon, Bakunin, and Kropotkin, beyond the definition in Webster's,—a very time-worn definition.

MOTHER EARTH, *an Anarchist monthly in this country, has long felt the need of a wider knowledge in that direction. In a limited way it has attempted to acquaint the intelligent reader with the real meaning of Anarchism, conscious of the fact, however, that the thoughtful student must have every theory thoroughly explained from a scientific and logical standpoint.*

To make this possible, MOTHER EARTH *is soon to commence a series of articles on Anarchism in relation to every phase of human life. For that purpose we have secured the collaboration of men and women of national and international repute, each one taking a different department, suitable to his or her special fitness and inclination.*

VOLTAIRINE DE CLEYRE, *one of America's ablest literary women, will write on* ANARCHISM AND AMERICAN TRADITIONS.

DR. H. SOLOTAROFF *will contribute on the* SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF ANARCHISM.

C. L. JAMES, *the author of a very able History of the French Revolution, will treat of* ANARCHISM AND THE MALTHUSIAN THEORY; *also of* THE ECONOMICS OF ANARCHISM.

CARL WALTER, *journalist and author, will write on* ANARCHISM AND RELIGION.

JOHN R. CORYELL, ANARCHISM AND THE HOME.

MAX BAGINSKI, ANARCHISM IN MODERN LITERATURE.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL, ANARCHISM: ITS DEVELOPMENT IN EUROPE.

H. M. KELLY, ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

JOHN TURNER, *well-known in the labor movement of Europe and this country, and the first Anarchist victim of our immigration authorities, will write on* ANARCHISM AND TRADE UNIONISM.

Besides the names mentioned we expect contributions from PETER KROPOTKIN, W. TSCHERKESOFF, DR. MAX NETLAU, VICTOR DAVE, EMMA GOLDMAN, AND ALEXANDER BERKMAN, *on* ANARCHISM AND EDUCATION, ANARCHISM IN HISTORY, THE CHILD, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, ACTS OF VIOLENCE, *etc.*

The various contributions, each comprising two or more articles, will first appear in MOTHER EARTH, *then to be issued in pamphlet form, especially adapted for the use of libraries as reference material.*

We now call upon all those interested in sociology—particularly students, instructors, and professors—to assist us in this great and important work by sending their subscriptions to MOTHER EARTH *as soon as possible. We want to know, especially, just how many educators are earnestly desirous of learning the truth about Anarchism. After all, every theory must be judged by its merits.* MOTHER EARTH *proposes to set forth these merits in the coming series.*

All subscriptions and communications to be addressed to

MOTHER EARTH,

210 *East* 13*th Street, New York City.*

EMMA GOLDMAN, *Publisher.*

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

ACCEPTED notions are the subtlest enslavers. The superstition of words is the most pernicious vice. The combination of these elements produces a social atmosphere of hypocricy, inanity, and persecution.

We pretend to admire the beautiful, while we go on making our lives ever uglier. On bended knee we prate of liberty. In ecstasies over equality and independence, we slavishly kotow before the mighty.

"The truth above everything!" we cry, as we stone those who dare to be true. Rapturously we lisp of unselfish devotion, while we crucify its noblest exponents. "Humanity" is our refrain as we strangle the men who devote their lives in its service.

The wages of sin, it has been said, is death. What a monumental lie! How much truer it is that the reward of love is martyrdom.

The lovers of liberty, of justice and humanity—where are they? What has society done with them? The gallows were their reward.

* * *

SINCERITY of purpose always expresses itself in action. Such sincerity never fails to compel attention.

So long as you merely *talk* about your ideals, they will remain mere ideals. But if your talk is no mere lip-service, if you *feel* your convictions, if they have permeated your being, they will inevitably express themselves in your daily life, in your attitude toward things, in your every action. They will then shape your life; they will make you different from other people, in proportion as your ideal is different from theirs.

Then your ideal will cease to be merely an ideal. It will have become a part of yourself, and to that extent materialized. Thus, and thus only, are ideals propagated and transmuted into life.

Anarchy is such an ideal. It expresses the highest conception of individual liberty and social solidarity. It is not a mere philosophy to be discussed at five o'clock teas; not a mere theory to be realized in some distant future. It is a mode of living, to be practiced right *here* and *now*.

THE chief god of the ancient Egyptians was Apis, a big black bull with a single white spot in the centre of its brow. History relates that the death of this deity was considered by the Egyptians the greatest national calamity. Such an event would throw the whole country into consternation. It was an omen of impending misfortune and disaster. Drought, pestilence, and civil strife threatened the land. These perils could be averted only by speedily finding another bull, of the necessary requirements, fit to serve as the incarnated Osiris, he of the open eye.

The selection of the new Apis marked an epoch in the life of the nation. It was a day of great rejoicing and triumph, for the big black bull represented the god of light, prosperity, and generation. All the people paid homage to the newly found deity. Henceforth the sun of righteousness would shine upon the land, and the people be happy.

Old Egypt is again in our midst. But, thank goodness, a new Apis has been found.

* * *

AN interesting side-light on our industrial system is thrown by the financial reports recently issued by the U. S. Steel Corporation and the Union and Southern Pacific Railroads.

The country is in the grip of a terrible panic. Willing workmen are jobless; hundreds of thousands are suffering for the very necessaries of life; suicides and deaths from starvation multiply. But the trusts continue to prosper. Indeed, according to their own figures, the Union and Southern Pacific Railroads ended September with the *largest amount of profit of any month in their history.* The Union Pacific's balance of receipts over expenses, during September, was $4,000,000; that of the Southern Pacific $3,941,000. For the Union Pacific this was a gain over the same month last year of $1,416,000; for the Southern Pacific it was a gain of $1,062,000.

The net "earnings" of the Steel Trust for the quarter ending September 30 were: July, $8,599,630; August, $9,152,311; September, $9,354,333.

These figures might interest the steel and railroad workers; perhaps it will make them wonder why their

wages had to be cut, on the plea of hard times, while their employers were making such tremendous profits. Evidently, hard times proved rather convenient for the plutocrats. How well the capitalist understands the exploitation game: good times, dear workingmen, I win; hard times, you lose.

* * *

THE problem of the unemployed is constantly assuming more critical proportions in all "civilized" countries. It is characteristic of existing conditions that no satisfactory solution can be evolved. Characteristic and—fatal.

The great "statesmen" of the world wonder what is to be done. Not that they are overcome by exceeding sympathy for their starving victims; rather that they vaguely sense the ghost of a Banquo.

They fully realize that panics and industrial crises are inherent in the very system of capitalism. Their problem is to alleviate the effects without disturbing the cause. A very hard problem, indeed. But Roosevelt and Asquith are equal to it. "Let a part of the unemployed join the army," they say. And in an aside they add: "They will help us shoot down the rest."

That is the traditional policy and the historic mission of government.

* * *

THE individual labor union is just as powerless to fight the battle for existence as the solitary workman. That is the lesson of all recent strikes. But no struggle of labor against organized capital proves it so conclusively as the present New York taxicab strike.

The chauffeurs are making a noble stand. It is evident that they are inspired by a strong feeling of solidarity and courageous effort. But even with right, intelligence, and determination on their side, they cannot hope to be successful against the combined power of State and capital.

It were a comparatively easy task to bring the taxicab combine to its knees, by shutting off its supplies and thus instantly paralyzing the trade. Solidarity and cooperation of *all* unions would quickly bring about this end.

Experience will teach American labor the absolute necessity of industrial organization, based on the motto: "An injury to one is the concern of all."

* * *

SOME folks think that the defenders of our social order wear smoked glasses when it comes to viewing the effects of office on our holy reformers. The following is not from an Anarchist journal; dear, no! It is from the New York *Herald* of October 17. If anything better has been said on the subject in so few words it has escaped our notice:

There is something supremely ridiculous in the nervousness of Wall street over the possibility of Mr. Bryan's election.

What is the danger? Surely it is not Mr. Bryan's advanced opinions. It has been proved time after time that a Socialist in office exceeds the most cautious conservatives in conservatism.

So long as Mr. John Burns, the English labor agitator, had no official standing he was Anarchy personified in the eyes of the governing powers; but his appointment to the Presidency of the Local Government Board so sobered him down that he is disavowed by his fellow Socialists.

If the British Ministry wishes to transform Mr. Grayson, who was expelled from the House of Commons for his onslaught upon parliamentary procedure, into a defender of existing institutions, it has only to invite him into the Cabinet, say as Labor Secretary. The Socialist lion then would "roar you gently as any sucking dove."

Messrs. Aristide Briand, Viviani, and Millerand in France were demagogues of the most advanced type until the responsibilities—and charms?—of office developed their latent conservatism.

There is no reason to believe that Mr. Bryan would prove an exception to the rule. If elected to the Presidency of the United States he would certainly do nothing that could create disturbance in Wall street, for he would not wish to be classed as a panic maker with his predecessor, Mr. Roosevelt. It is possible, indeed, that he would try to placate Wall street interests even more assiduously than Mr. Taft, whose reputation as a safe and sane man, financially speaking, does not need so much building up.

This sounds as if it emanated from James Gordon Bennett himself. As a long resident in Paris he is evidently familiar with the frothing Social Democrat out of office gently cooing in office.

THE 11TH OF NOVEMBER AND THE INTERNATIONAL PROLETARIAT

By MAX BAGINSKI.

They were silent, reconciled, baptized in the fluid of this death. A state of heroic grace possessed them, effaced their differences, their quarrels, and their gibes.

THERE is a great tragic comedy connected with the history of governments, of autocrats, tyrants, holders of power.

They prohibit and rule. They fabricate thousands of laws, send the revolutionists—their antagonists—to the prisons, the scaffold, and electric chair; and yet in the end all their bloody efforts are of no avail, for the contrary of what they want to achieve is realized. That is what history teaches.

A dramatic genius could picture to the world the distorted features of a Caligula, a Napoleon, holding all imaginable external powers in his hand, and yet laboring under the sure conviction that he is the personification of impotency as far as the meaning and shaping of man, events, and things are concerned.

On the 11th of November the well-to-do, the conservative, desirable citizens of this Republic, the rich merchants and manufacturers of Chicago, who organized the police corruption funds in order to secure bribed witnesses and perjured testimony for the trial, were pleased with the report that the hanging of our brothers and comrades—Parsons, Spies, Fischer, and Engel—was carried out according to the law and the contemptible regulations of the hangman's business.

Now, Anarchism was killed. The money they had spent to rescue a rotten society from the grand, noble idea of Freedom and Brotherhood had not been paid in vain. It was a great consolation for them to know that money could make the actions of the State-preserving police more forceful, more helpful to the exploiters, whom the dawning of the revolutionary trade union movement had driven to the despairing consideration, whether or not it would be possible to carry on eternally the business of converting human blood and bones into dollars.

The institutions of our economical, governmental,

moral "order of things" had been working together beautifully to secure the condemnation of our friends. The exploiters provided the cash; the prosecution, the necessary perjurers, and the "moral force" of the newspapers led the stupid chorus of public opinion, the same brand of public opinion, alas, that had condemned Socrates to swallow the poison and demanded that Christ should be nailed to the cross.

Oglesby was at that time governor of Illinois. He had the right to veto the death sentence. A spark of ordinary human feeling could have prevented the worst. Oglesby could have saved American justice from committing legal murder, but he was—as Thoreau writes of the governor of Massachusetts—the governor of the slaveholders, and not the governor of the people.

An eyewitness who went to Springfield, the capital of the State of Illinois, with the committee that tried in vain to urge Oglesby to be human, told me that the governor during the whole of the conversation played with the petitions for pardoning the condemned men, which arrived in Springfield in great numbers from all parts of the globe. These petitions and appeals, pasted together, produced a length of many, many yards. Oglesby let them slip indifferently through his fingers, scarcely paying any attention to the pleading speakers of the committee. On his face was plainly written that no appeal, no argument whatsoever could for one moment affect the decision that these Anarchists, these enemies of plutocracy and government had to die.

The State-preservers and the well-to-do, desirable citizens apparently believed that the execution of these men would be the end of their Anarchistic nightmare. This Republic, officially, made the same farcical mistake as many autocratic despots had previously done, who believed that the murdering of revolutionary individuals was identical with the annihilation of revolutionary motives and ideas.

* * * *

H. Taine writes in his "History of English Literature":

"Do you think that a man, burnt or shut up, was altogether done with? He is silenced, I admit, or he is hidden; but long memories and bitter resentments endure under a forced silence."

That describes the psychological status, which characterizes the results of the 11th of November, 1887.

The Black Friday grows to be more and more the day of the international proletariat; the day of mourning, but also the day of resentment, the day of the militant revolutionary spirit.

That the event of the 11th of November happened in a country reputed to be politically the most free and progressive in the world, in a republic which proclaims as its basis liberty and equality, gives it a special significance.

The 11th of November caused in many thinking minds the dissolution of this political superstition, and proved to be the failure of such a politically free country as far as the liberation of the modern proletariat is concerned. The condemnation of our comrades, with all its criminal and detestable tricks, showed that the tyranny which rules from behind the pedestal of the "sovereign people" is of a social and economical nature; and that "political freedom" and "equality before the law" are only cheap disguises to hide this fact from the multitude.

The 11th of November clarified the knowledge regarding the essential nature of modern republics and proved that exploitation and its institutions may reign supreme under any political mask, whether it be an absolute monarchy or a free republic. Under both forms of government these institutions are sacred, and those who doubt them and attack them must be crushed.

From this point of view the 11th of November was a great revelation to the international proletariat, and in this sense the Chicago crime of the Black Friday is commemorated in memorial meetings, which take place every year in November in many of the large cities in Europe.

They hold such memorial meetings in Barcelona and Madrid, in Rome and Milan, in Berlin, Vienna, and Zurich.

In his book "Paris and the Social Revolution," Alvan F. Sanborn writes on page 149:

"The anniversary of the death of Ravachol is celebrated by a pilgrimage of the faithful to the tomb of Diderot, who is regarded as a precursor of Anarchism (Montbrison, where Ravachol is buried, being too far

away for Parisians); and every anniversary of the deaths of those who have died for the cause, and every funeral of a *camarade* is made a pretext for keeping alive the morbid cult. But the great saint day of the French Anarchist calendar is the 11th of November, the anniversary of the Anarchist executions at Chicago.

"All Anarchistic (one might almost say all revolutionary) Europe honestly believes that the Chicago hanging was as flagrant a violation of human rights, and the preceding trial as disgraceful a travesty of justice, as the worst absolute monarchy has ever had the audacity to perpetrate. Whatever the influence of this dramatic execution may have been in America, it was highly inflammatory in Europe. Under a practically free immigration system America will be indeed fortunate if it does not, sooner or later, import long stored-up rancor, originating from this event."

But the American proletariat? It does not, so far, understand the meaning of the 11th of November, but a revolutionary trade union movement will, must spring up from our unbearable social and economical conditions, and this movement will join, correspond with the movement of 1885-86, which resulted in the conspiracy of money and government to kill the tender buds of the revolutionary spirit of American labor.

THE JOYS OF AN AGITATOR

MUCH has been said and written of the great pioneers who attempted to break through the darkness of religious superstition. Yet whatever persecutions they may have endured, it does not seem to me likely that their obstacles were so hard to overcome as those one meets to-day in the attempt to destroy the political spook. After all, the religious superstition, while based on ignorance, also rests on the naivety of heart, on the childish belief in the power of the miraculous. Not so the political ghost. There is hardly an earnest and intelligent man in the country who really believes in its power, or has faith in politics. Yet that superstition has so eaten into the heart of the people, so dulled their senses that they are absolutely incapable of listening to

or appreciating anything that opposes that awful condition. The religious nightmare calls people to account for their mistakes, urges them to reform, to do better, to sin no more. The political monster opens up the very gates of hell, of all corruption and rottenness, and robs the staunchest hearts of what is good and fine in them.

Never was this more apparent than in the present campaign. Political pigmies, whom one wouldn't trust with one's purse, worked the political superstition with such skill that the people laid down their very souls, abdicated their reasoning and their self-respect.

Indeed, we who live in large cities, away from the political rabble, have not the faintest idea of the degrading, unnerving influence of politics upon the masses.

That I should have started my lecture tour at a time when the fiendish monster politics is celebrating mad orgies, with its victims paralized drunk, staggering in their blind worship, shows how naive we are, who live far removed from that disgusting spectacle.

Needless to say, my meetings were poorly attended, barely paying expenses. For some reason, Pittsburg turned out a large audience to hear the lecture on "The Political Circus and Its Clowns." Indianapolis, where six hundred people came to learn "What Anarchism Really Stands For," was saved by the police. The meeting was stopped in the same brutal, arbitrary manner as has often happened in other cities. Thus our contention that free speech and assembly is a myth has been proven true again. To be sure, the Indianapolis Mayor said that the police overstepped their power; but, of course, he could not go against the Department. No, not likely that one rogue will go against the other. The Chief, too, said that the stopping of the meeting may have been bad law, but it was good common sense. That the post of Chief of Police necessitates commonness no one will deny; surely no refined man would apply for the position of a ruffian. But when the Indianapolis Chief spoke of sense he must have been joking. Every child knows that the police have less sense than pigs.

I left New York with a large deficit for MOTHER EARTH, and lots of debts for literature investments and various miscellaneous things. I had hoped to accomplish enough during two weeks to warrant our reap-

pearance in 64 pages. But the political muddle has frustrated my plans. I raised $133.00, while I had $165.00 expenses. MOTHER EARTH has no support; even the subscribers seem to consider it a special favor to pay up their subscriptions. I have no claim on any one who does not feel the impetus to assist. Nor do I propose that any one should have a claim on me. Therefore MOTHER EARTH will continue in its present size until I can make my meetings pay. We need every inch of space; besides, since none of the comrades seems to feel interest enough to help when the magazine is struggling for life, there is no reason why I should feel the necessity of keeping them posted whether MOTHER EARTH has enough to eat. As Anarchists we are under no mutual obligations, I take it. Henceforth there will be no accounts in MOTHER EARTH, either of our receipts or our expenditures, except an acknowledgment of contributions. Those who have assisted us staunchly, I mean the few faithful friends, will at times be informed as to our *status quo*.

* * *

Public activity in America would be unendurable if it were not for an occasional spirit one meets, who is like a bright spot upon a cloudy sky. Mr. Wm. Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, is such a bright spot. Fearless, staunch, and liberty-loving,—that alone would stamp him a rarity among publishers and newspaper men. But he represents more than that. He is a bright, intelligent, and splendidly posted man in every line of thought. Nor does he lack that broad-mindedness which can appreciate ideas at variance with his own. He is, indeed, one of the rare exceptions among public men in this great land of ours. Thanks to Mr. Reedy's cooperation I had interesting and well attended meetings in St. Louis. I shall not mind whatever hardships I may yet have to overcome, if only it may be my good fortune to meet in every city a kindred spirit like Mr. Wm. Marion Reedy.

* * *

My tour will continue as follows:

Omaha .....November 7—14
Des Moines..... " 15

Minneapolis	November	17—22
Winnipeg	"	24—30
Fargo	December	2
Butte	"	6— 7
Spokane	"	9—11
Seattle	"	13—14
Vancouver	"	15—16
Portland	"	17—28
Los Angeles	First week in January.	

EMMA GOLDMAN.

November, 1908.

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INTERNATIONAL ANARCHIST CONGRESS OF 1909

IN accordance with the resolution taken by the Amsterdam Congress (August 24-31, 1907), a new international Congress will take place during the summer of next year; it will be the first to be held by the Anarchist International since its foundation, and at which we shall have to examine the work done during the last two years and try to take stock, for the future, of the experience of this first trial of an international Anarchist organization.

That the Congress should have the full importance it deserves and that it may have the help of comrades from distant lands (Argentine, Japan, etc.), it is necessary to begin at once its preparation.

We invite therefore the comrades of all countries to obtain as many adherents as possible, to communicate to us any ideas and propositions concerning the Congress which they would like to submit to the general discussion by publishing them in the *Bulletin*.

The exact date of the Congress, the town in which it shall be held, the conditions of admission, the questions to be discussed—these are all points to be decided upon. We shall only be able to do it when the general opinion of the comrades will be expressed.

As simply an organ of communication, the Bureau has only to register the wishes of the comrades and to coordinate them so as to satisfy the greatest possible number. But, while fulfilling the mandate received at Am-

sterdam to convene the new Congress, we believe to rightly interprete the intentions of the Amsterdam congressists as well as the spirit of our Association by extending the invitation not only to groups and individuals adhering to the International, but to all Anarchists—and we hope that all tendencies and shades in the Anarchist cause will be largely represented at the Congress.

As there is no engagement to be taken in advance, and as the resolutions that might be passed by those present would only bind those who approve of them and for as long as they approve them, no one need fear for his independence or his full liberty of initiative, while we all shall be able to gain from the discussion and from eventual understandings which may arise from the exchange of ideas and the personal intercourse established. For the internal business of the Association, private sittings will be held reserved to the adherents only. Those who would like to take any private decisions concerning any practical question, will find all necessary facilities accorded them by the meeting.

We also think—and we ask the comrades to take the thing into serious consideration—that it would be useful to limit the agenda to a few of the more important questions, and not to surcharge it with a number of subjects for which no time will be left for serious discussion, but which will only interfere with the time given to the chief subjects.

In any case—with the exception of the date and place, which must be decided in advance—the Congress remains master of its composition, its agenda, and of everything that concerns it.

We count on the enthusiastic activity of all Anarchists, and especially of those who, by their adhesion to the International, have shown their belief in the utility of a permanent organization between the Anarchists of all countries.

THE CORRESPONDENCE BUREAU
OF THE ANARCHIST INTERNATIONAL.

Anarchist journals and reviews are requested to reproduce this appeal.

LABOR ORGANIZATIONS EQUALLY OPEN TO CRITICISM

By W. C. OWEN.

I have frequent occasion to visit the cheap class of restaurants necessarily patronized by newspaper men in the early morning hours. Hard and poor workers of all kinds meet there, and the gatherings are truly representative. Politics are the constant theme of discussion and, stripped of non-essentials, the talk simmers down to this: Which of the several candidates will do most for the workingman? It is taken invariably for granted that somebody must do something for him. In a word, these people—one and all—have the government delusion.

It would be ridiculous to invite such men to study Buckle, Stirner, or Nietzsche—although any one of them is light literature as compared with Karl Marx—but somehow they must be given eventually to understand clearly that nobody is going to help them, and that they themselves must make the change by which they are to profit so enormously. In fact, I believe that this is the very first lesson to be taught, and that, outside of the Anarchist, there is no one who will do the teaching, every other party being engaged day and night in puffing up its own ability to play the rôle of savior.

How can this lesson be taught? First, as it seems to me, by the simplest statement of facts, proving that government, while pretending to assist the workers, fleeces them remorselessly, as, in this country, by the protective tariff, and in the notorious instance of Russia. Why would it not be an effective method of propaganda to set out, in the most concise and plain language, such damning facts as that in Russia and Germany, the two most absolutely governed countries of Europe, the average income is only $31.50 and $92 respectively, whereas in England, where the government has, until recently, exercised comparatively little parental control, the average income is $136.50? And this in spite of the fact that England is cursed with a most powerful hereditary and moneyed aristocracy. I cannot see why the plain statement of such striking facts, repeated over and over again, should not be the best of propaganda. We should thus

be illustrating from actual life the lessons of Stirner and Nietzsche, who show that it is when the worker has been reduced to the greatest impotence, by allowing himself to be robbed of his initiative, that he is most surely robbed.

Consider further the fact—I quote from a recent article by George Kennan—that, while Great Britain has one physician to every 1,100 inhabitants, Russia, where the Tsar is supposed to be a father to his dear subjects, has one to 7,930 persons, but that, on the other hand, it has one policeman to every 900 inhabitants and one soldier to every 112!

In this country the government is entering with extraordinary energy on the very path that has proved unspeakably fatal to the masses elsewhere, and a powerful agitation is bound to arise whenever such indisputable facts as I have mentioned are brought home to the American people, who, by the way, have an absolute passion for facts and figures. Would it not be an immense thing for the Anarchist cause if it could be the leader in such a movement? Is it not worth a most serious effort to set such a movement on foot by means of a leaflet propaganda that could be got out for a tithe of the expense entailed by the publication of long theoretical articles?

Think what it would mean to popularize the Anarchist movement in this country, a thing that necessarily has to be done sooner or later. There are thousands and thousands of people in this country who think of Anarchists only as apostles of violence, but are themselves essentially Anarchists, since they have a profound distrust of politicians and of anything that tends to increase the powers of politicians. To enlighten these people's fears; to make them convinced where at present they stand merely in doubt, is a task right to our hand, and a most worthy one.

Few Anarchists doubt to-day that there must be fight to the finish with the political Socialists. On what ground are we to wage that fight except on the basic fact that experience shows conclusively that representatives chosen to further our interests invariably plunder where they profess to protect. And how are we to win this fight except by getting the masses absolutely on our side, and how is this to be done except by furnishing the most conclusive evidence of the truth of our position?

If further argument is necessary to show how certain it is that people must help themselves and not trust to the benevolence of others, one has only to turn again to the case of Russia. If workers will not help their fellow workers, how can they expect politicians, recruited almost entirely from the legal and professional classes, to help them? Have the workers of this country, in spite of the frenzied appeals that have been made and the tales of horror that have been told, gone one inch out of their way to assist their fellow sufferers in Russia? Most certainly they have not. They have stolidly taken the position that they have troubles of their own, and that the Russians must work out their own salvation. Exactly that same position is taken on the Pacific coast as regards the Mexicans, who have their own Russia just across the border.

Here again our appeal must be to facts; to the unmistakable lessons of our daily life, which are absolutely fatal to the representative system, to the trusting to others the task that we ourselves must perform.

Doubtless we stand to-day too near the picture to be able to estimate the harm that the political Socialists, with their constant insistence on the elecion of representatives, who are to accomplish all sorts of miracles for the workers, have wrought in this respect. The historian of the future probably will write it down as incalculable. It unquestionably has borne its natural harvest in an unprecedented multiplication of laws, and the times are fully ripe for a determined crusade against this evil tendency.

The only question worth a moment's consideration is whether the idea here set forth is correct. If it is, it will triumph. If it is not, it will go down to defeat, for nothing that is unsound has the slightest chance of weathering the storm of discussion on which we are about to enter.

But, if the idea is correct, it must be carried infinitely farther than the mere fight with the Socialist or other political parties. It will be necessary to apply it to the whole question of labor organization, and it is there that the real tempest will break.

If it is true that the attempt to get others to do for us what we should do for ourselves is, by the nature of things, doomed to failure in the political field, it is also

certain that it must prove so in the industrial field. If the individualistic teaching of Nietzsche, Stirner, and others is correct, it must be applied with equal fearlessness to the whole question of our reliance on organization in the industrial domain, wherein, with what I conceive to be equally fatuous confidence, we trust to the union and to the leaders of the union, whom we clothe with extraordinary powers.

I maintain that this is borne out by an examination of the facts in the case. Just as I believe that the organization of the political Socialist party is to-day a hindrance to the revolutionary movement, so I believe it can be established that the organization of labor is having an equally fatal effect in the economic domain, and that the entire philosophy which teaches "In union there is strength," "Look to the union for aid," and so forth, is, in reality, part and parcel of that deadly philosophy that tells the worker to look to the government for protection and to the priest for salvation; robbing the individual of all virile initiative; teaching him to rely not on his powers, but on the collective strength of others; disciplining him and bidding him not to stir a step until the whole mass is ready to move; which, of course, means never.

What right have we to point the finger of scorn at the political world, saying: "In all these years you have done not a thing for us; in fact, under your régime the millionaire and the pauper have multiplied side by side"; what right have we to do this and at the same time regard the labor union as sacred from attack and above criticism? Under its boasted rule all these things we complain of have taken place. It has proved just as impotent to stay the march of events and as absolutely powerless in the face of panic.

Institutions that work on a large scale cannot be judged piecemeal. They must be acquitted or condemned by their total result. It is idle, for instance, to pick at this or that doctrine of the Church. Its condemnation lies in the statement: "Wherever you have been dominant—as in Spain, Italy, Russia—poverty, ignorance, and general demoralization have followed." The same rule of criticism must be applied to the labor unions, and to the vague claims that they have raised wages here and shortened hours there; procured the passage of this factory law or

that protective measure, we must boldly and justly reply: "Perhaps; but the fact remains that monopoly, capitalism, and the power of special privilege are stronger now than ever, and you have failed, miserably failed, to check the tide. We judge you, as all good business men judge their agents, by general results."

If any man, having a knowledge of the actual facts and some comprehension of the enormous issues involved in the social question, will take, as I have taken repeatedly, a hundred of the leading labor papers in this country, and go through them conscientiously, seeking for frank and honest statements and the bold enunciation of those fundamental truths on which all critics of the present system are agreed, he will become completely disillusionized. He will find these paid editors, this official hierarchy, turning out a literature that is picayunnishness itself; that never rises higher than organization squabbles, correspondence about the label, and the most trifling irrelevancies—a Nero of a literature, fiddling while Rome is burning. Far from the multiplication of such organs being a sign of strength it is, in my judgment, precisely the opposite, for such literature, instead of invigorating its readers, lowers their intellectual vitality and depresses the whole tone of the labor movement.

Let us be deeply thankful that the Anarchists have no such emasculating organization, no such corrupting hierarchy; and that they have the strength that comes to the unfettered worker, able to think out his own thoughts and reproduce them honestly, without regard to what authority will say or how plain speaking may affect the interests of the precious organization.

That this happy condition, and the tireless work of thousands of speakers and writers, acting with absolute individuality and independence at a thousand different points, have produced, even at this early stage, a literature that is causing privilege all over the world intense anxiety is a fact that only the uninformed can doubt. Our yawp may be barbaric, but that it is singularly effective is shown by the frenzied efforts of those who occupy the seats of the mighty to suppress it, and it is not for nothing that the managers of political Socialism are so bitter against us. They scent their conquerors from afar.

RATIONAL EDUCATION

(THE FOLLOWING CIRCULAR HAS BEEN ISSUED BY THE PARIS GROUP OF THE INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE OF RATIONAL EDUCATION, FOUNDED BY PROF. FERRER.)

What excellent things have been written about the best way to teach children! The pity is that nearly all of it still remains in the books. If you doubt this, go into any school, even a secular one; look at any teacher, even one who professes advanced opinions on matters pedagogic.

It has been ingeniously remarked that the basis, if not the form, of school teaching is much the same as it was in the Middle Ages. As in those days, the intention is to teach the whole of knowledge. As in those days, *things are learnt by heart, etc., etc.* Little or nothing is done towards rendering the child capable of assimilating what is taught or towards discerning the child's inclinations and possibilities. The ideal is still to fill up the brain as one fills a sack of corn.

As in the Middle Ages, there is still the same disregard of the child's body, of the full physical development. Under the pretext of fixing in children's minds certain facts which they will forget next day, they are kept motionless for hours, and walks, museums, scenes of human activity—all these marvelous natural factors of education are ignored.

The League of Rational Education was formed with the objects—first, of elucidating all questions of this kind; and secondly, of putting into regular practice what has been already theoretically demonstrated.

A group of this League has recently been formed in Paris with the following intentions:—

For want of resources, the proposal to open a school, desirable as this would be, has been temporarily abandoned. It will be taken up again directly the meetings and lectures arranged for October have brought in enough to make it possible.

But before considering the school, what about teachers capable of successfully carrying it out?

The proposal is to hold a preparatory course of lectures. These will, of course, be open to all, but will be arranged with special reference to those who wish to become teachers, and to teachers who are already at work and desire a

greater knowledge of their business, and particularly such teachers as feel the necessity of a more conscientious method than they see in use about them.

The whole art of teaching, taken in every form and every detail, will be the basis of the programme, including the physiology and psychology of the child, the hygiene of character in body and brain.

In one word, the aim will be to put the teacher in touch with *all that can be taught* in the business of education. For the teacher will also learn that *everything* cannot be taught.

But, it may be asked, what is the use of making adepts of Rational Education when most of them have to carry on their work in an atmosphere where everything is organized in opposition to Rational Education? Is not the first necessary condition for the work you propose the personal liberty of the teacher? Is not the teacher, as figured by the State, bound down day by day and hour by hour to programmes, time tables, and all sorts of discipline and regulation?

We realize that as well as anyone. The education question, like all others, is a social question. It cannot be settled without a transformation of the whole social system. Yet we believe that even under the present adverse conditions there is much that can be done.

Besides, these young people whom we wish to inform, will they not carry the new spirit into the old surroundings, and thus contribute to a modification of these surroundings? Will they not handle and ruin the vicious regulations? Assuredly they will require courage, and we shall do our best to make them not only enlightened teachers, but courageous men and women.

In the practical pedagogy of our school will be comprehended a part of general culture. We do not mean by this that there will be literature and science lectures like those given at the universities. It means rather a series of lectures in which certain men, chosen for their efficiency and for the clearness and generosity of their views, will deal with special points in philosophy, science, and art, and with the burning questions of ethics and sociology.

And so, it may be objected, you will be bound to take sides. What about scholastic neutrality?

Let us say at once that we do not believe in this scholastic neutrality. The school teacher should not only instruct, he should educate, in the largest sense of the word. At no point in his work can he remain neutral; that is, without conviction, without sincerity, without assent.

However hard the truth may seem to established powers, this is only the right of the child. Who wishes to withhold the truth of this? Certainly not we. Yet there are certain truths common to the man in the street which no one dares to put to the children. Let this at least be attempted. At least, let us dare to stop teaching children what we know to be untruths, and then a great thing will have been done.

For example, who believes in these days that a worker ought to be grateful to his employer simply because he gives him work? Yet is not this still being taught in the schools? Who is there in these days believes seriously that a God outside the world created it as a toy and sits watching it go? Yet from how many of our "secular" schools has this "God above" creator been definitely expelled? Whatever may be the truth of these matters, the teacher should be able to show his true self to the children, his own ideas, his own convictions, such as he has himself acquired by experience and reflection,—and not in the hypocritical and awkward attitude of one who simply recites a State doctrine.

Even the mistakes of a teacher would be better than this. The children would at least be living in an atmosphere of sincerity, conviction, and enthusiasm. And that is, perhaps, what is most wanting in the humanity of these days. For his part, the teacher would thus realize that it is his duty to develop himself and persistently better himself.

We have said enough to be understood by those whose help we need. That help we now ask with all our strength and with the insistence of those who believe their work is good.

Though nothing can yet be certain, we count on beginning the course in November. As soon as we emerge from this period of preparatory organization, as soon as we can publish details of programme, place, and time, we shall inform all those who are interested in our undertaking.

TO STRIVE AND FAIL

THERE was a lonely wind crying around the house, and wailing away through the twilight, like a child that has been refused and gone off crying. Every now and then the trees shivered with it, and dropped a few leaves that splashed against the windows like big, soft tears, and then fell down on the dark, dying grass, and lay there till the next wind rose and whirled them away. Rain was gathering. Close by the gray patch of light within the room a white face bent over a small table, and dusk-dim fingers swept across the strings of a zither. The low, pathetic opening chords of Albert's "Herbst-Klage" wailed for a moment like the wind; then a false note sounded, and the player threw her arms across the table and rested her face upon them. What was the use? She knew how it ought to be, but she could never do it,—never make the strings strike true to the song that was sounding within, sounding as the wind and the rain and the falling leaves sounded it, as long ago the wizard Albert had heard and conjured it out of the sound-sea, before the little black notes that carried the message over the world were written. The weary brain wandered away over the mystery of the notes, and she whispered dully, "A sign to the eye, and a sound to the ear—and that is his gift to the world—his will—and he is dead, dead, dead;—he was so great, and they are so silly, those little black foolish dots—and yet they are there—and by them his soul sings—"

The numb pain at her heart forced some sharp tears from the closed eyes. She bent and unbent her fingers hopelessly, two or three times, and then let them lie out flat and still. It was not their fault, not the fingers' fault; they could learn to do it, if they only had the chance; but they could never, never have the chance. They must always do something else, always a hundred other things first, always save and spare and patch and contrive; there was never time to do the thing she longed for most. Only the odd moments, the unexpected freedoms, the stolen half-hours, in which to live one's highest dream, only the castaway time for one's soul! And every year the fleeting glory waned, wavered, sunk away more and more sorrowfully into the gray,

soundless shadows of an unlived life. Once she had heard it so clearly,—long ago, on the far-off sun-spaced, wind-singing fields of home,—the wild sweet choruses, the songs no man had ever sung. Still she heard them sometimes in the twilight, in the night, when she sat alone and work was over; high and thin and fading, only sound-ghosts, but still with the incomparable glory of a first revelation, a song no one else has ever heard, a marvel to be seized and bodied; only,—they faded away into the nodding sleep that would conquer, and in the light and rush of day were mournfully silent. And she never captured them, never would; life was half over now.

With the thought she started up, struck the chords again, a world of plaint throbbing through the strings; surely the wizard himself would have been satisfied. But ah, once more the fatal uncertainty of the fingers. . . . She bit the left hand savagely, then touched it, softly and remorsefully, with the other, murmuring: "Poor fingers! Not your fault." At last she rose and stood at the window, looking out into the night, and thinking of the ruined gift, the noblest gift, that had been hers and would die dumb; thinking of the messages that had come to her up out of the silent dark and sunk back into it, unsounded; of the voices she would have given to the messages of the masters, and never would give now; and with a bitter compression of the lips she said: "Well, I was born to strive and fail."

And suddenly a rush of feeling swept her own life out of sight, and away out in the deepening night she saw the face of an old, sharp-chinned, white-haired, dead man; he had been her father once, strong and young, with chestnut hair and gleaming eyes, and with his own dream of what he had to do in life. Perhaps he, too, had heard sounds singing in the air, a new message waiting for deliverance. It was all over now; he had grown old and thin-faced and white, and had never done anything in the world; at least nothing for himself, his very own; he had sewn clothes,—thousands, millions of stitches in his work-weary life—no doubt there were still in existence scraps and fragments of his work,—in some old ragbag perhaps—beautiful, fine stitches, into which the keen eyesight and the deft hand had passed,

still showing the artist-craftsman. But *that* was not his work; that was the service society had asked of him and he had rendered; himself, his own soul, that wherein he was different from other men, the unbought thing that the soul does for its own outpouring,—that was nowhere. And over there, among the low mounds of the soldiers' graves, his bed was made, and he was lying in it, straight and still, with the rain crying softly above him. He had been so full of the lust of life, so alert, so active! and nothing of it all!—"Poor father, you failed too," she muttered softly.

And then behind the wraith of the dead man there rose an older picture, a face she had never seen, dead fifty years before; but it shone through the other face, and outshone it, luminous with great suffering, much overcoming, and complete and final failure. It was the face of a woman not yet middle-aged, smitten with death, with the horror of utter strangeness in the dying eyes; the face of a woman lost in a strange city of a strange land, and with her little crying, helpless children about her, facing the inexorable agony there on the pavement, where she was sinking down, and only foreign words falling in the dying ears!—She, too, had striven; how she had striven! Against the abyss of poverty there in the old world; against the load laid on her by Nature, Law, Society, the triune God of Terror; against the inertia of another will; she had bought coppers with blood, and spared and saved and endured and waited; she had bent the gods to her will; she had sent her husband to America, the land of freedom and promise; she had followed him at last, over the great blue bitter water with its lapping mouths that had devoured one of her little ones upon the way; she had been driven like a cow in the shambles at the landing stage; she had been robbed of all but her ticket, and with her little children had hungered for three days on the overland journey; she had lived it through, and set foot in the promised land; but somehow the waiting face was not there, had missed her or she him,—and lost and alone with Death and the starving babes, she sank at the foot of the soldiers' monument, and the black mist came down on the courageous eyes, and the light was flickering out forever. With a bitter cry the living figure in the room stretched

its hands toward the vision in the night. There was nothing there, she knew it; nothing in the heavens above nor the earth beneath to hear the cry,—not so much as a crumbling bone any more,—but she called brokenly, "Oh, why must she die so, with nothing, nothing, not one little reward after all that struggle? To fall on the pavement and die in the hospital at last!"

And shuddering, with covered eyes and heavy breath, she added wearily, "No wonder that I fail; I come of those who failed; my father, his mother,—and before her?"

Behind the fading picture, stretched dim long shadows of silent generations, with rounded shoulders and bent backs and sullen, conquered faces. And they had all, most like, dreamed of some wonderful thing they had to do in the world, and all had died and left it undone. And their work had been washed away, as if writ in water, and no one knew their dreams. And of the fruit of their toil other men had eaten, for that was the will of the triune god; but of themselves was left no trace, no sound, no word, in the world's glory; no carving upon stone, no indomitable ghost shining from a written sign, no song singing out of black foolish spots on paper,—nothing. They were as though they had not been. And as they all had died, she too would die, slave of the triple Terror, sacrificing the highest to the meanest, that somewhere in some lighted ball-room or gas-bright theater, some piece of vacant flesh might wear one more jewel in her painted hair.

"My soul," she said bitterly, "my soul for their diamonds!" It was time to sleep, for to-morrow—WORK.

INTERNATIONAL NOTES

SPAIN.

Tarrida del Marmol publishes in the *Bulletin de l'Internationale Anarchiste* an interesting report on the shameful persecution of our comrades by the government.

The government of Spain has, at last, decided to withdraw its law against the Anarchists, as the pretext for such special measure were the continual bomb outrages "committed by Anarchists," and it has been proved that the bomb-throwers were simply some police agents, paid by the officials.

The execution of Juan Rull, the organizer of the gang, has not improved matters. The very day the leader was executed, his confederates were committing another of those stupid outrages, whose victims are always poor and innocent people, and whose sequel is the pretext the authorities take in order to prosecute the working men, above all those who profess libertarian ideas.

In their paper *Tierra y Libertad,* and in public meetings as well, the Anarchists of Barcelona have repudiated these outrages and they have proved conclusively that their perpetrators have been able to go on, undisturbed, for more than three years, simply because the government had been protecting them by simulating an attempt to discover the culprits amongst the revolutionist working men. All it has done in this respect, and all it is doing, even now, is the malicious persecution of our comrades, clapping them in prison, and repressing the aspirations of the very class whose members are constantly falling victims of the murderous bomb.

Now, after the sensational declaration of the Police Inspector Memento, who was compelled by the evidence of the facts to declare that Anarchists had nothing whatever to do with those bomb-outrages, and after the dismissal of another Police Inspector, Tressols, who dared to disclose the fact that behind the gang of police bomb-throwers there were others of far higher positions who provided them with funds and protected them, now, of course, public opinion is unanimous in charging the government, the capitalist classes, and the Church with complicity in these crimes. The most popular of Barcelona daily papers, *El Progreso,* insists that the convents should

be registered and the churches inspected, while the leading Madrid papers, especially *Heraldo, Mundo,* and *Pais,* demand that "those behind" should be at once discovered and brought to trial.

This will never be done. Discovered they have been long ago by public opinion. Brought to trial they will not be until the Spanish people manage to get rid of the criminal triumvirate—Church, State, and capitalism—and take justice into their own hands.

PORTUGAL.

The comrades arrested in connection with the killing of King Carlos and Crown Prince Luiz—Avila, Cordova, Machado, Adâo, and Norte—have at last been released, after an incarceration of three months. In spite of their best efforts, the authorities failed to manufacture proofs against the Anarchists.

GERMANY.

Richard Fischer and Paul Schmiel, the editors of the Anarchist publications *Revolutionär* and *Der freie Arbeiter,* respectively, have again been condemned to prison, Fischer receiving six and Schmiel three weeks. Both are already serving time on previous charges. Comrade Fischer is also to face a new charge of insulting officers of the German army.

A domiciliary visit took place in the office of the *Revolutionär,* the object being to find "evidence" against that paper's former editor, Adolph Zumpe, on the charge of manufacturing explosives. Zumpe has long since shaken the dust of the Fatherland.

In Wiesbaden two comrades, Reck and Hochheim, were sentenced to one year prison each. They were charged with having somewhat injured the Bismarck statue.

FRANCE.

The congress of the French Confederation of Labor took place at Marseille, October 5—10. 1,402 delegates were present, representing 300,000 organized workmen. The most prominent labor men could not participate in the convention, owing to the fact of their imprisonment since the massacre at Villeneuve-Saint Georges.

Different things were expected from the convention—in different quarters. The government hoped that the

opportunists would succeed in winning over to their side a majority of the delegates. It was, however, sadly disappointed. The congress expressed itself in solidarity with their imprisoned comrades, and the revolutionary anti-militarist, international programme of the Confederation was enthusiastically re-affirmed. It was resolved to continue, as heretofore, the tactics of direct, anti-parliamentary action.

The French bourgeoisie is beginning to realize that neither threats nor massacres are effective in turning the workmen from their logical attitude.

BELGIUM.

The Anarchist federation has issued an appeal to the comrades, urging them to join the organization for the benefit of the propaganda. Various bodies have already joined the federation: the groups of Brussels, Charleroi, Gand, Dolhain, and various organizations from Central Belgium.

SWEDEN.

The bourgeoisie has once more given a proof of the quality of its justice: Comrades Nilson and Roesberg were sentenced to death; Stern to life-long imprisonment, and Natalie Malmstrom was fined 100 kronen.

Our comrades were charged with having aided in—or at least having previous knowledge of—the bomb-explosion which took place last July against the English strike-breakers. The defendants claimed that it was not their intention to kill any of the scabs, but merely to frighten them. The explosion was to serve as a powerful warning against strike-breaking. Our comrades insisted on the moral right of their action.

In spite of the fact that no killing was intended, two of our comrades were sentenced to death and one to life-long hell.

ARGENTINE.

It is a pleasure to report to our readers that the movement in South America—and especially in the republics of Argentine and Brazil—is making satisfactory progress and that its influence is growing among the proletarian population. The comrades of Argentine have reason to be proud of the fact that the only Anarchist daily in the world, *La Protesta,* is published at Buenos

Ayres. The paper is in its fifth year and is one of the best Anarchist publications, both as a theoretic exponent of our ideas and as a propagandistic factor.

Comrade Dr. Juan Creaghe, the founder of *La Protesta,* writes to us from Buenos Ayres:

"Our paper manages to pull along daily, having in April past ended its fourth year. It does good work for the propaganda and has much influence. There are more Anarquistas in this republic, relatively to the population, than in any other part of the world—a thing very surprising when one considers what the purely native population is: the native, mixed Indian workers (peons) being so enslaved until now.

"When the propaganda began here over twenty years ago, I can assure you that few thought, and I among the rest, that we could do more than follow the lead of the comrades in Europe and North America. But there is a very large number of Italians and Spaniards in the country, and the majority of the workers among them are Anarchists.

"Our Chief of Police in Buenos Ayres, having heard what your Postmaster General had been authorized to do, tried the same here in order to strike a blow at *La Protesta,* but he failed, as the political parties in opposition to the government took alarm, fearing for their own organs, and cried the attempt down. *La Protesta* pitched into him properly and made him look ridiculous."

This is good news, indeed. We wish *La Protesta* long life, and send our fraternal greetings to Dr. Creaghe and his fellow-workers.

❦ ❦ ❦

CONTRIBUTIONS

Subscr. List No. 18, per O. Kritzer, Montreal, Can.	$4.85
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